



BALLS AND BOX

©. by CRANK COLLINGWOOD '71.

HE MUSED UPON THE HEAD OF IT..

CAPTAIN BITTERDORK WAS SOAKIN'
HIS DORK ONE QUIET DAY AT SEA..



THEN YELLED FOR THE FIRST MATE..



BART WAS LOADED AND FLIRTING WITH WHO WAS A MITE SALTY...
A CAPTURED PIRATE WENCH...



THE TART'S KICK DISLODGED BART'S
GLASS EYE WHICH FELL TO THE DECK.





A MOMENT LATER, AT THE SAWBONE'S CABIN.







SUDDENLY THE CABIN BOY BOLTED
ACROSS THE ROOM WITH A HARD-ON.



AND LEAPED UPON BART, PLUGGIN' HIS PUD INTO THAT EMPTY EYE-HOLE...



THE SAW BONES TOOK THIS AS AN ACT OF MUTINY AND.....



THEM CABIN BOYS GIT
FUNNY AFTER A SPELL...
I'M ALWAYS NEEDIN' NEW ONES



HMMMM, WELL
GIT YA A NEW GLASS
EYE, BART ME BOY-
LESS SEE, EELS,
ENEMAS, EYES...

HERES A NICE
ONE, DOESNT
QUITE MATCH
YUR UDDER ONE,
BUT NOBODY
CAN TELL, IN A
GOOD FIGHT..

WASH
OUT THET
COME



THERES THE DOOR
AGAIN..
NOW WHAT IS IT?





TAKE OUT OUR WHANGS?
UHHHHH SURE, I CAN
USE SOME ASS...

ASS, SMASS, I DONT,
THINK THEYRE GAWNA
BALL US, ME LAD!

YOU HEARD ME
TWERP, DROP
THEM TROUSERS

AWRAT AWRAT BUT
GIT THET DIRK
OUTTA ME EYE

SPUT

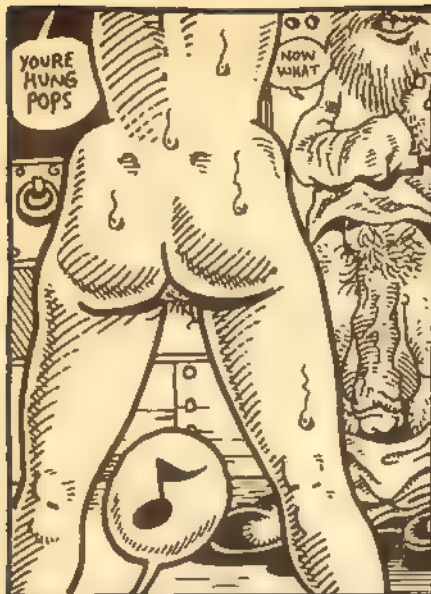
CUTE, CUTE,
AWRIGHT
GRAN'POPS,
THAT GOES
FOR YOU TOO,
**DROP
'EM**

I DONT
LIKE
THIS
ONE
LITTLE
BIT

OR I'LL
DROP
YOU

ONE EYE'S
GOT A
NICE
HUNK A'
LOVE
MUSCLE

OH YEAH, WELL
CHECK OUT
THAT OL' COOT'S CRANK



YOU'RE NOT GOOD FOR TOO
MUCH ARE YA? TELL YA WHUT.
YOU'RE PORK IS SAVED IF YA
SUCK THE SAWBONES' ERECT.



YEECHRAHA PUT THAT PUD IN
MY MOUT: GURRRKKKKK
IT AINT BEEN WASHED
FOR A BIT..



AND ANUTHER
THING IS THET
OL' DOC PACKS
THEM BROWNIES
AND I AINT
EATIN' NO SHIT..
THASS NO SHIT
EITHER AND

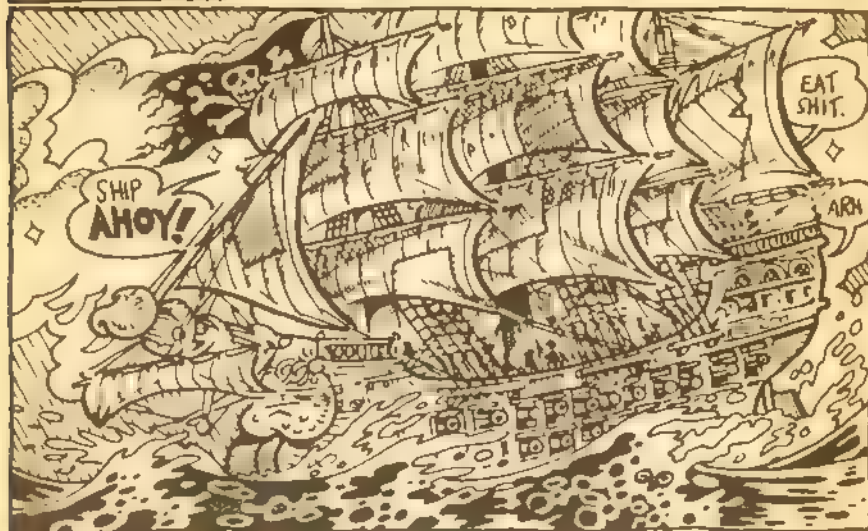
UNG

SUCK AWWN THET DEVIL
YA FLOTSAM GOBBLIN'
BILGE-RAT!!

OL' DOC
SHORE DUZ
'PREESHEATE
THIS BWAH.



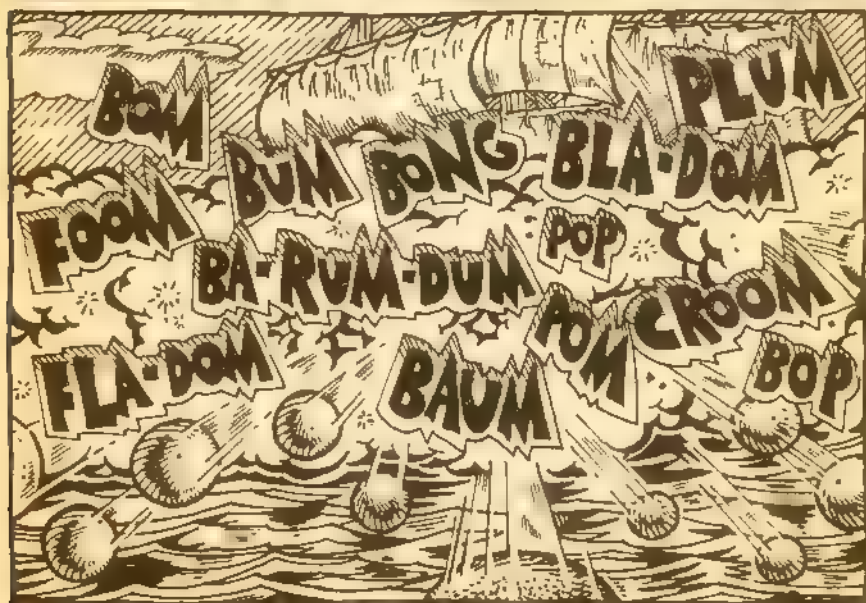
WHILE ALL THIS BELOW-DECK BUFFOONRY ENSUED A PIRATE VESSEL, THE
IMPENDING PROD APPEARED.. LOOKING FOR PREY.. POON LOOT



ABOARD THE PROD



A FEW MINUTES AND MUTTERINGS LATER.



ONE OF THE PRODS' CANNON BALLS BASH BARI AS HE SUCKS THE SAWBONES...



THE ESCAPED SLAVE GIRLS KNEW THEY WERE NEXT.





DOCTORS FROM THE INFAMOUS
FELCH-PORKFIELD CLINIC
CAVORT WITH NYMPHOMANIAC
AMAZONS.

© CRANK COLLINGWOOD '74

I JUST LOVE TO
CHOMP DOWN ON
A DEEELECTABLE
DOCTOR'S
DONG...

HA! A BOY TRYIN'
TO DO A MAN'S JOB

CAN I BANG 'ER NEXT
FELIX? I WANNA STICK
SOME NEW PROBES UP
'ER ASS AS WELL...O.K!

NIFF!

BRRA!

GIGGLE...

I HOPE SHE
POOPS OUT
ALL MY
TEETH WITH
THESE DIVINE
POINTED TOES
OHNN I
HOPE



SABRINA FROLICS WITH
A TRIO OF SATANS SCAMPS

PISS ON THE NIPS
OF MY UPSWEPT
TITS YOU TWISTED
TEASING THREE SOME

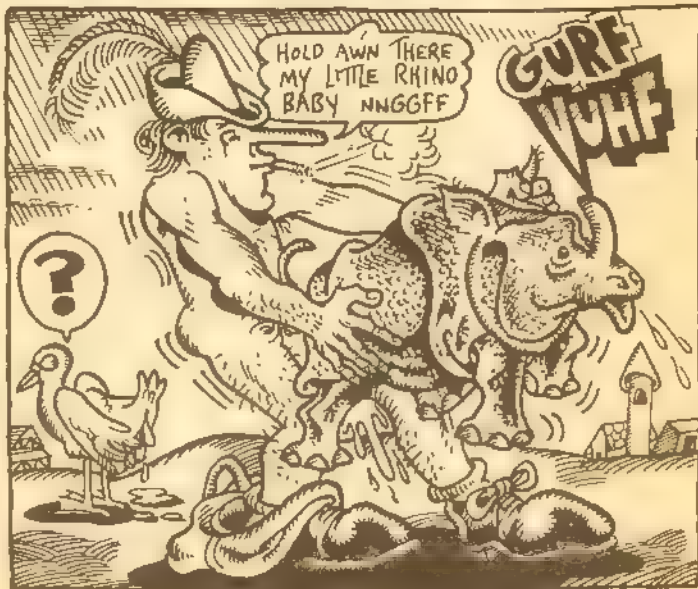
SOME! SABRINA
YA BLUBBER-BUTTED
BITCH.

N. 132





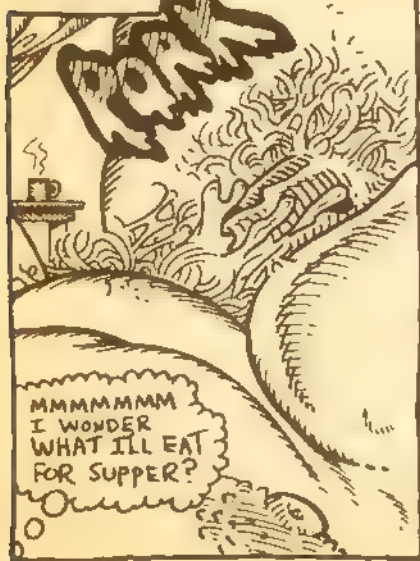
PUDOCCHIO WAS A ROVING ROGUE IN A SMALL HAMLET AND WOULD SLIP THE MEAT INTO ANYTHING THAT COULD WALK, CRAWL OR SCOOT. HE WAS CONSTANTLY HORNY...



HE HAD GOBS OF GALS AND 'WOULD GO FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE HOSIN' 'EM..



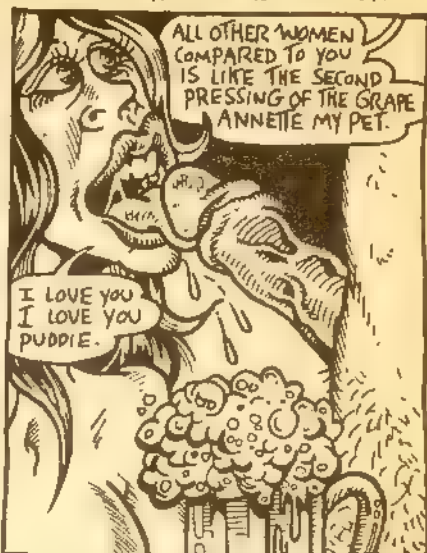
FAT ONES..



SKINNY ONES...



THEY ALL LOVED PUDOCCHIO.. HE KNEW THIS AND HE LIED TO THEM ALL...



PUDOCCHIO'S PROD GREW UNTILL CRASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW...



PUD. WHATS THE LOW-DOWN ON THAT CONSTANTLY CREEPING CRANK OF YOURS?

FRANKLY, I HAVENT THE FOGGIES! AND IM A BIT BOTHERED...



SUDDENLY, PUD'S PUD SHRANK BACK TO ITS NORMAL SIZE...



LIES PRODUCED HIS GARGANTUAN CRANK, BUT WHEN HE TOLD THE TRUTH, BACK IT SHRAWK.



SECONDS LATER PUDOCCHIO AND SALLY WERE DIPPIN' IT IN THE OL' SACK.



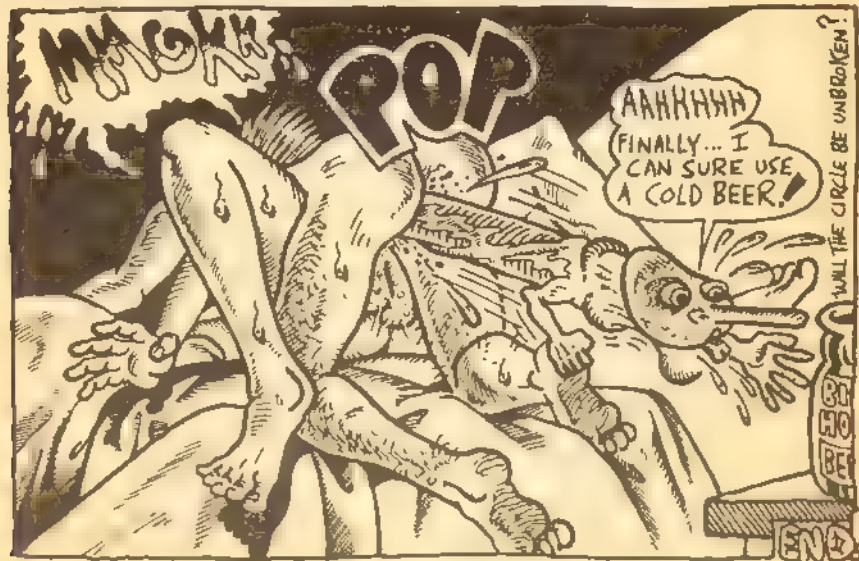
PUD'S FIB CAUSED HIS COCK TO BORE CLEAR THRU SALLY, COLLIN' OUT 'ER YAP..



PUDOCCHIO'S PORK PLUGGED 'IM UP. HE COULDN'T TELL THE TRUTH TO GET IT TO STOP.



SO IT REAMED CLEAR THROUGH, JOINING HIM AND SALLY TOGETHER FOREVER...





BETTER KEEP
IT STIFF
CHIEF.

NUDGE

I LOVE
IT
I DONT
KNOW WHY
BUT I DO

FWEEESH

DRINK
IT BITCH...

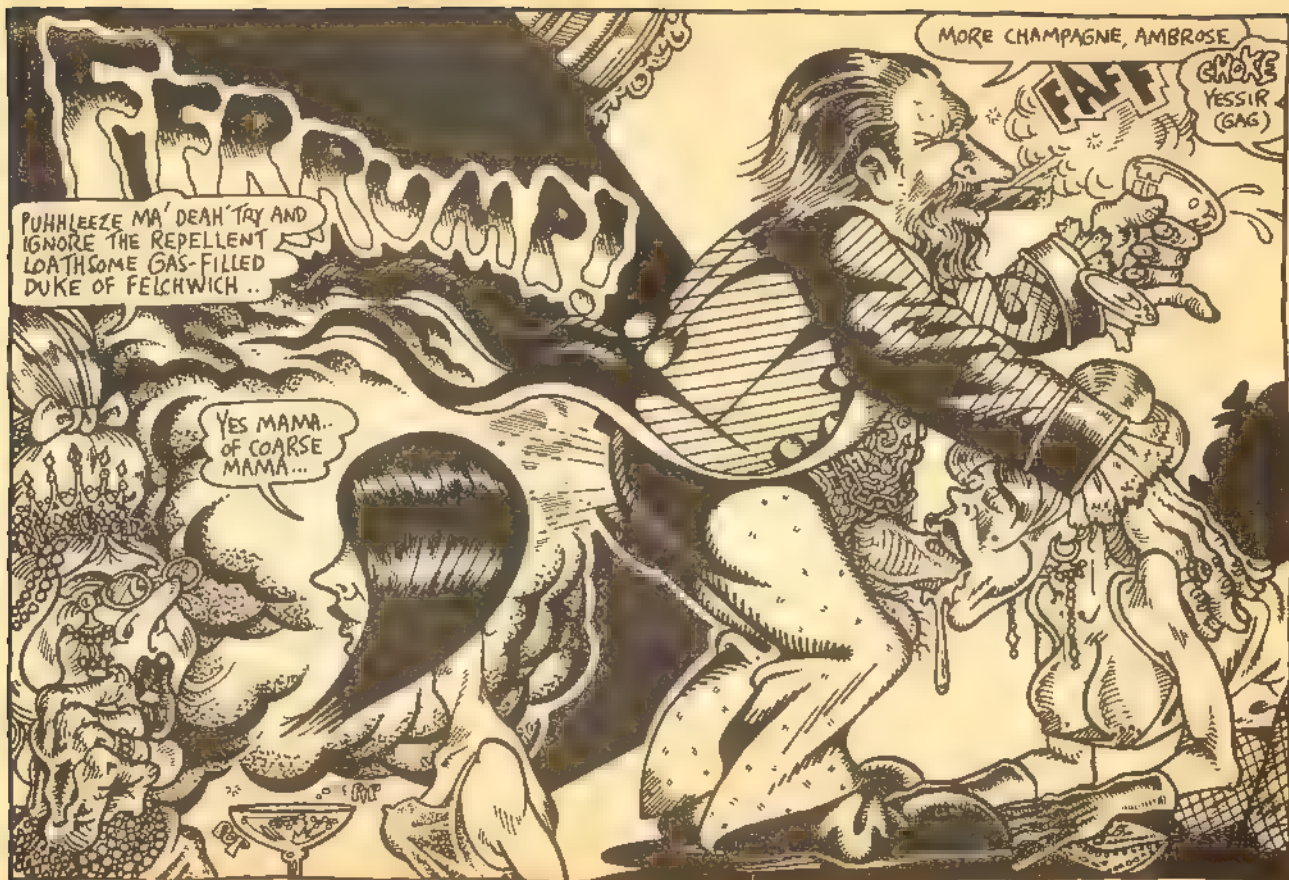
IF HE PULLS
IT OUT OR
STOPS PUMPIN'
BIAST 'IM
BERNIE..
MMNNGGG
UH UH UH UH

MORE CHAMPAGNE, AMBROSE

CHOKE
YESSIR
(GAG)

PUHHLEEZE MA' DEAH TRY AND
IGNORE THE REPELLENT
LOATHSOME GAS-FILLED
DUKE OF FELCHWICH ..

YES MAMA..
OF COARSE
MAMA...





HOW YA LIKE
THIS ONE
CAPTAIN SIR?

TURN THE
PAGE...
M M M N O G H N

HEAD

SHLOPP
SHLOPP

OLD
FELCH
FUEL
TANK
PUMP

THE CUCKOLD
ON THE VERGE
OF GETTING
REVENGE...

URK
SQUEAK
SQUEAK
SQUEAK





THIS ONE'S HOWARD'S...

THAT'S RIGHT
DONG

AND MRS. PORKMEESTER
WINS THAT
VEG-A-MATIC
AND AN ALL
EXPENSES
PAID VACATION
FOR TWO TO
SCENIC
CYPRUS!

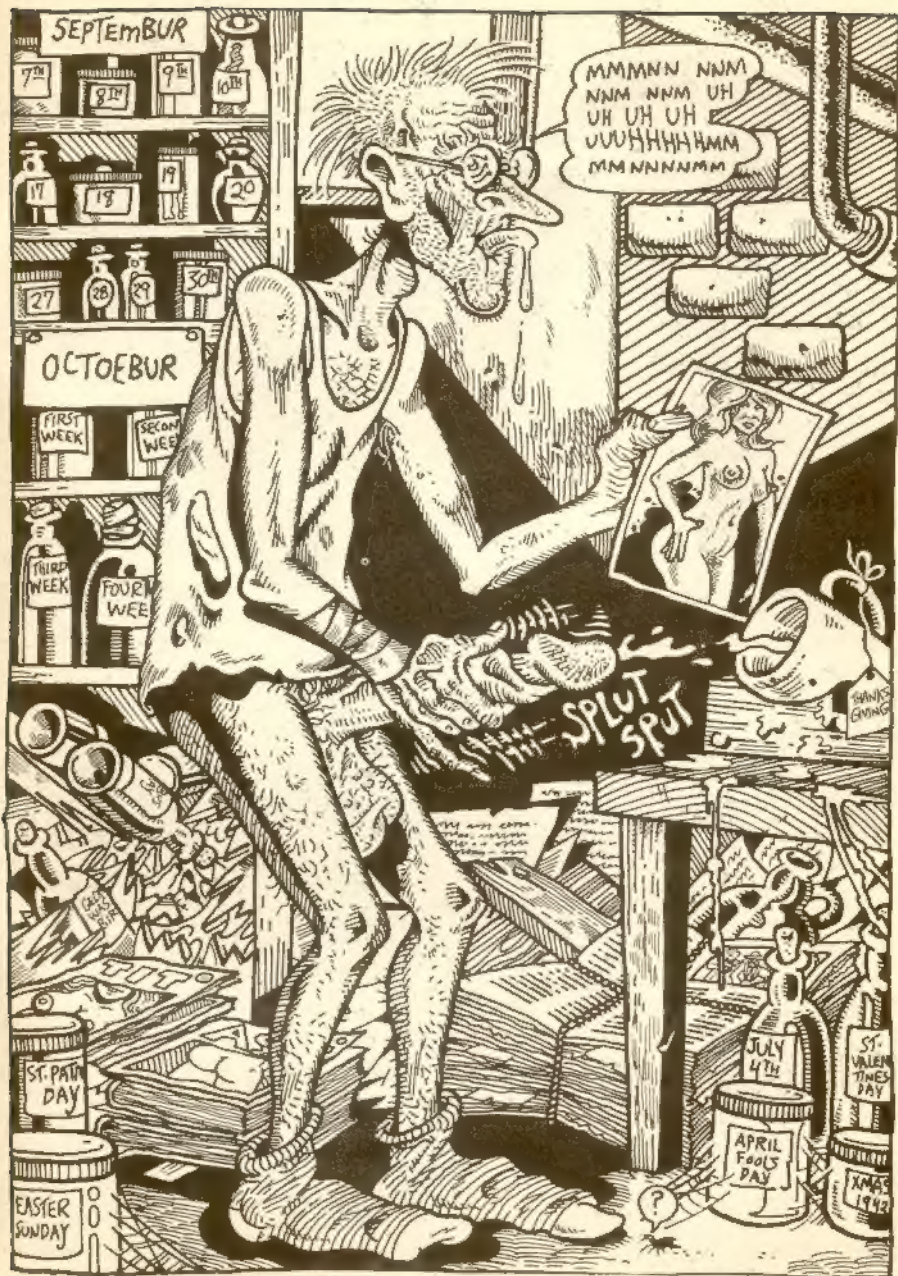
... HOW ABOUT THAT
FOLKS...

1 2 3

CLAP CLAP CLAP

CLAP
CLAP YEA
SPAP





SEPTEMBUR

7th

8th

9th

10th

17

18

19

20

27

28

29

30th

OCTOEBUR

FIRST WEEK

SECOND WEEK

THIRD WEEK

FOURTH WEEK

MMNN NNM
NNM NNM UH
UH UH UH
UUUUUUUUUU
MMNNNNMM



SPLUT
SPLUT

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

EASTER SUNDAY

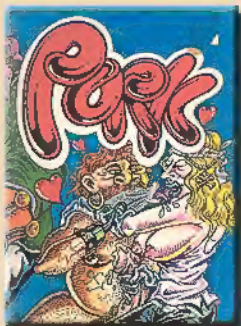
JULY 4th

APRIL FOOLS DAY

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

MARCH 1942





Sir Real's

**UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX**

Pork

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